

COURTESY
GORDON LINEN

100

10TH
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE

RATHSKELLAR

100 GALLONS
MUD
FROM - U. MASS
TO - BERKON HILL

COLLEGE BOWL

WESTINGHOUSE

ANSWER

BETTER YAHOO'S MORE
DISSEMINATE!

SAE

CAKE PREPARED SPECIALLY
BY DINING COMMONS

WREST
RADIO

MRS
\$1
1964

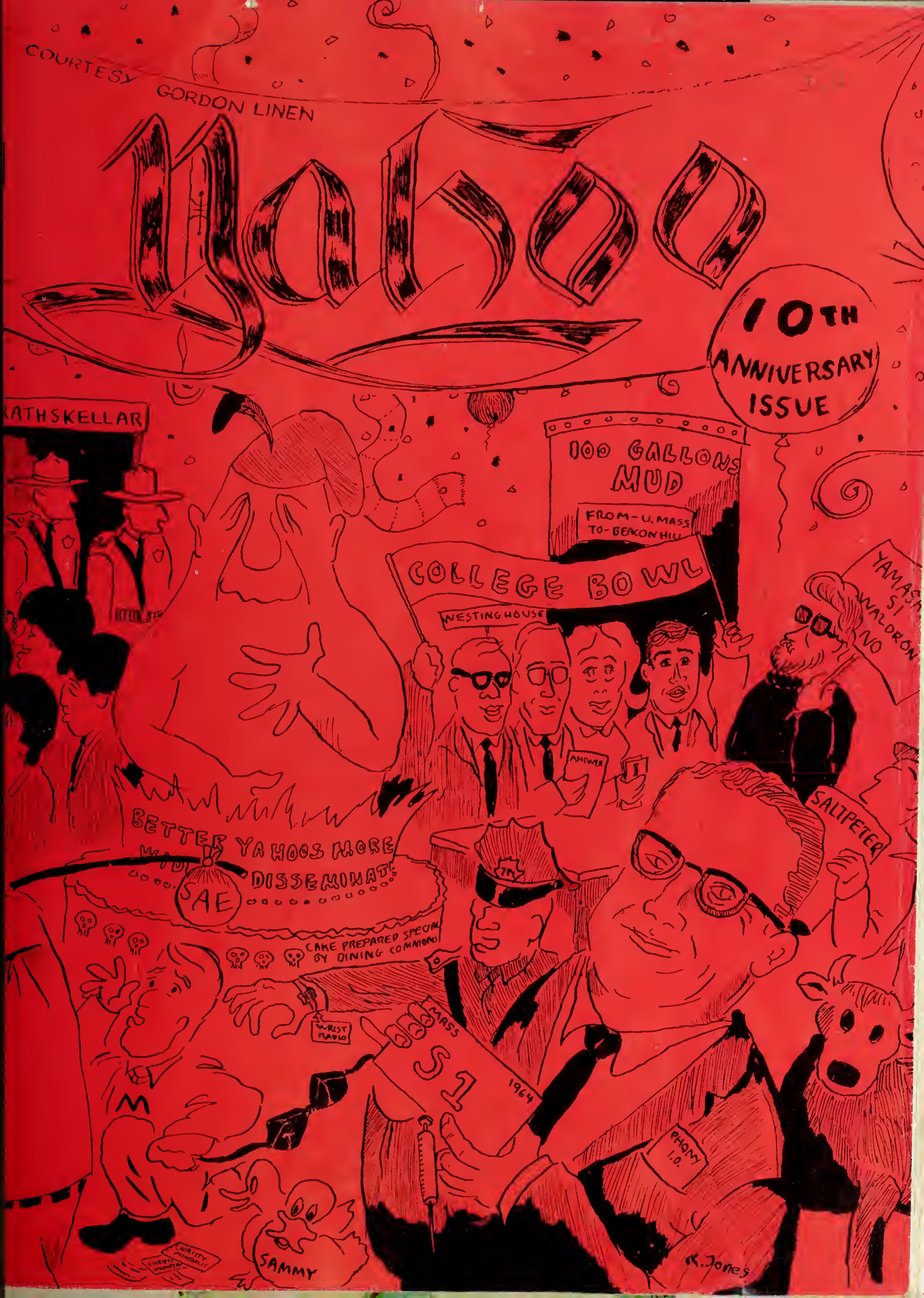
PHONY
I.D.

SALTPETER

YAMASHI
WALDRON
NO

SAMMY

R. Jones





Enjoy Life
with MILLER HIGH LIFE



The Champagne of Bottle Beer



BREWED ONLY IN MILWAUKEE....NATURALLY!

MILLER BREWING CO., MILW., WIS.

Yahoo

Y.I.C. no. 2

motto: "This is my man. You can do all your business direct with him."

—anonymous

EDITOR: D. B. AXELrod

ALSO-RAN: Vic Aronow

LITERARY EDITOR
Sandy Graham

BUSINESS MANAGER
Roy Blitzler

ART EDITOR
Abe Spencer

ACTING PSYCHOANALYST
James Patterson Clark, III

QUIZ KID
Mike Berrini

FREE-LOVE EDITOR
Jeanne La Liberte

AWARD-WINNING PHOTOGRAPHER
Don Crasco

PUSHER
Marc Stone

STRUGGLING STAFF MEMBER
Ron Goldberg

IN GROUP
Ross Jones, Jon Fife, and Labs

PROMISING NEW TALENTS
Bob "IRISH" Flynn, Roger Jones

EDITOR'S MORAL CORPS
Tance, Deb, Terry, Ann, Pat, Muldoon

PROMISING
Ric Stelega, Oleh Pawluk, Bob Surrette

FAILING-APEPEL: John Childs

REACTIONARY: Mike Girouard

LITTLE SHAVER: Mike Hench

PROFANATION: Bob Olins

MORNING-GLORY SEEDS
Kat, Marty, Taj, Keane, Babs, Sid, Erin, Al,
Eli, Eric, Ron, Babs

TRAVELLING SALESMEN
Tom Hughes
Dick Callahan

DERELICT PROTIGE
Rainer Bertrams

BENEVOLENT GREMLIN
Yushnik

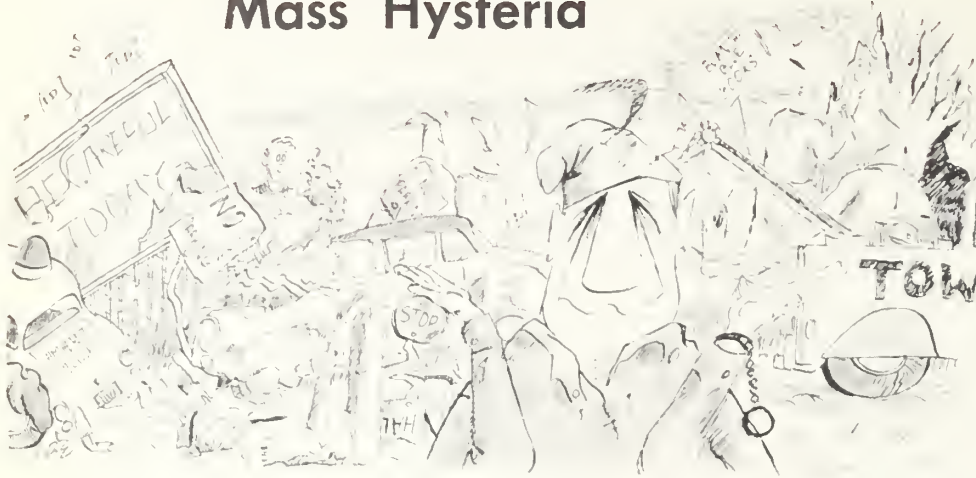
AND OF COURSE:
J.D.

© COPYRIGHT, YAHOO STAFF AND EDITORS, 1964

Wrongfully and regretfully classified as third-class matter in the United States Government Post Office (a capitalist monopoly), Amherst. The illustrious YAHOO is the pathetically honest and disgustingly true Humor Magazine on the campus of the liberal (very liberal) University of Massachusetts. YAHOO is published, erratically, three times a year, by an undesirable segment of the student population (if you really want to see how we put this mag together, stop in at the South College tower three days before its distribution). Subscription price is one dollar for three issues (roughly equivalent to three quarts of Rheingold or a comparable favor to the editor); \$14.95 in

(Continued on Page 17)

Mass Hysteria



Well, here we are (all one of us in the editorial plural) sitting down under the compulsion of a three-month old deadline, trying to write another humorous Mass Hysteria. One good thing about YAHOO and its self-made deadlines, you have the chance to collect lots of funny things to write about. Of course, the funniest thing that occurs to us at the moment is the time we vowed never to write another inch of copy for this left-wing, anti-clerical, pornographic . . . what was that other thing the parental protest letters labeled us, Deano? . . . oh yeah, glue-sniffing, dope-dispensing publication.

Since the last YAHOO was dribbled into the sticky-hot hands of the students and faculty, about four days before the Kennedy publicity stunt, a few dozen hilarious things have cropped up. We still chuckle softly when we think of the new Fine Arts Building. It, like the new dorms, may yet be completed by the President's brother-in-law. However, it was rather distracting when Mr. Yamasaki, in protest, lit himself on fire in front of South College. (Actually, we only chuckle about all that when we're turned on! Ah,

those peanut-butter sandwiches in the Hatch . . .)

*****CONGRATULATIONS IF YOU HAVE READ THIS FAR AT ONE SITTING — IT IS 50% MORE NON-COURSE READING THAN AN AVERAGE UMASS STUDENT DOES IN A DAY.*****

A funny thing happened to us on the way through Bartlett the other day. Just as we were about to sneak into the elevator on the basement floor, we noticed figures in white sheets and hoods gliding toward the boiler room. Naturally, we followed them, carefully keeping out of sight. YAHOO had heard of prejudice in various departments, but this was ridiculous.

These seeming apparitions entered the steaming room chanting in a Gregorian rhythm, and moved toward the furnace door. It was then we noticed that each carried a pile of used blue books. These they thrust, after many mysterious gestures, into the flames. Billows of greenish smoke funk'd from the door, and breathing deeply of this smoke, they grew wild, flailing their arms about, leaping and screaming, until they had worked themselves to a frantic pitch. Then, seizing their grade

books (they'd brought their grade books, too), they marked letters madly in the columns.

Oh, hang on a minute, folks! We see the staff car is being towed away. Oh, no! It's slipped off the truck and landed smack on top of that Federal agent selling cigarettes by the roadside. Now it's rolling out of control, knocking down no-parking sign after no-parking sign. It must have traveled five feet already! It's too terrible . . . it just scrunched into a towney police car, scattering a large box of student I.D.'s all over the street.

Stop it! Stop it! It's careening off that "Be careful today" sign, crushing the couple asleep behind it. Now it's backing up. Backing up? Oh my heavens, Yushnik was in the car all the time. He's heading off toward town, picking up every hitchhiker on the roadside . . .

(Continued on Page 14)



Tableau At Liggett's

The following little scene might well be happening right now in some little hamlet in this great nation of ours. Thank God the University doesn't have a school of pharmacy.

Scene: The corner drugstore. You enter in a cheerful frame of mind.

You: Ahem!

Clerk: Yes, sir. Can I help you, sir?

You: Er - - ah, yes. I'd like a small bottle of paregoric, please.

Clerk: Paregoric?

You: Yes, paregoric.

Clerk: (to himself) Paregoric, (aloud) Could you spell that?

You: WHAT?

Clerk: I never heard of it. What's it do?

You: I'd tell you but you might be shocked. Just see if you have it, will you?

Clerk: I can't.

You: Why not?

Clerk: You didn't spell it yet.

You: (tolerantly) P-A-R-E-G-O-R-I-C. There! Do you think you can find it now?

Clerk: I'll try. I don't work here all the time, you know.

You: Really?

Clerk: I go to college.

You: I should have guessed. Have you found my paregoric yet?

Clerk: Not yet. You haven't told me what it does yet.

You: Ever hear of Ex-Lax?

Clerk: Ex-Lax? Ex-Lax, Ex-Lax. Could you sp . . .

You: Never mind. It wouldn't do any good anyway.

Clerk: Say, here's something.

You: (hope springs eternal) Paregoric?

Clerk: No, it's little Johnny Twork's baseball cards. Imagine that! He thought he'd lost them.

You: WILL YOU FIND THE PAREGORIC BEFORE I BURST?

Clerk: Why should you burst?

You: (sobbing) Please? Just for me? I promise I'll never come here again. Please?

Clerk: Oh, but we want you to come back. Mr. Ambergris — that's the owner — he says that the hallmark of any drugstore is a satisfied customer. Many's the time when Hey! What's this?

You: I could care. It couldn't be paregoric.

Clerk: You're right. It's perambulator oil. But we're close.

You: Peachy.

Clerk: Hey!

You: Now what?

Clerk: There was a whole box of Snickers right here last night.

You: So?

Clerk: It's gone now.

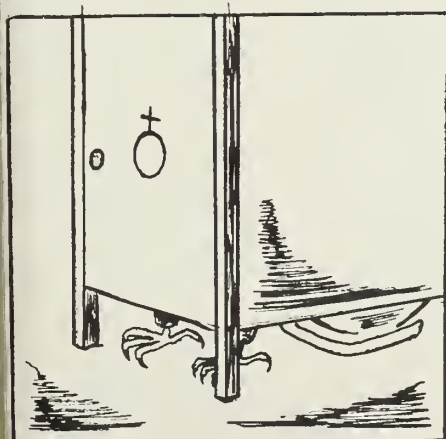
You: Maybe little Johnny Twork took them as compensation for the loss of his baseball cards?

Clerk: Nah! He doesn't like Snickers.

You: Look! I'm getting very tired and rather uncomfortable at this moment. Do you or don't you have paregoric?

Clerk: I guess we don't. But we can order some for you. It'll

(Continued on Page 4)



East Pleasant Street
Amherst, Mass.



HAVE PIZZA . . .
WILL TRAVEL!

YOU RING . . .
WE BRING!

AL 6-6667
AL 3-7100

come in in about a week.
 You: I CAN'T WAIT THAT LONG!

Clerk: Oh! I can run over to my house and see if we have any at my house. My mother . . .

You: You have a mother?

Clerk: Naturally. As I was saying, we might have some. My father always says that a well-stocked medicine cabinet is . . .

You: Never mind. I don't think I'll need it now, anyway.

Mike Girouard

— fini —

What's the definition of a virgin?

An ugly third grader!

* * *

"Mark my words, Eve," said Adam, "I think we discovered something last night that may prove of benefit to all mankind."

* * *

Psychiatrists were invented to show you how to lump all your nagging little worries into one big complex.

An evening of TV convinces us that while the Russians may be ahead on missiles and rockets, we've got 'em licked on deodorants.

* * *

. . . a new club called AAA-AA is for people who are driven to drink.

* * *

. . . the trouble with political jokes is that they get elected.

* * *

Sign in Mike's bar: "If you're drinking to forget, pay in advance."

* * *

By the way — what does one feed a living bra?

* * *

* * *

We heard that they're building a new monument in Washington — the Martha Washington Monument. It's a 550-foot hole in the ground.

* * *

. . . it has now been proved beyond a doubt that smoking is the major cause of statistics.



The Soft Sell

He was a Madison Avenue salesman who was fed up with high-pressure procedures. His method would be a gentle guiding hand to sell the customer. They called it madness, but through long years of perseverance, he got his soft cell. The advertising world was bedlam anyway — no real loss. The walls were even done in grey flannel, just for him.

BAUCOMBS BOOMS



RUSSELL'S PACKAGE STORE



WELLWORTH'S PHARMACY



YAHOO has been profoundly affected by the COLLEGIAN'S upstanding policy of "unbiased reporting". YAHOO has long been labeled anti-Greek. YAHOO has decided to follow the COLLEGIAN'S example of presenting all sides of the campus story. YAHOO will print a pro-Greek story, written by an eminent Greek, even if it is like selling our soul to the devil.

"WOODMAN, YOU'D BETTER HARM THAT ARCHAIC, INDEPENDENT TREE"

(An original, unpublished Elizabethan revenge
tragedy by fraternity friends of the Bard)

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Tree: Itinerant ne'er-do-well, leader of the forces of evil.

Count Greek: noble leader of the forces of good, in search of the Holy Grail.

Baron Buck: Chancellor of the Exchequer (trusted by Tree), pilferer of the Royal Coffers.

Rod Axel: wandering Italian minstrel, leader of unsuccessful "Recognize Red China" factions. Thorn in side to Buck.

The Royal Order of the Fraternity Council: defenders of the faith, protectors of the realm.

Peter, Paul, and Folklore Societies: pot pushers.

A Chorus of various COLLEGIAN lovelies; penguins, condors, gargoyles, Choleoptera, and small crawling things, all free and responsible.

Assorted messengers, Crime Commissions, pushers, bearded wonders, College-Bowl also-rans, RSO spies, faculty advisors, Student Senators, and cascading remnants of the good old COLLEGIANS.

PROLOGUE

Mistah Kurtz — he dead

A penny for the old bastard

(ENTER TREE, FORLORN)

Tree:

Moan, Lament, Bewail, Gnash, Weep!
Long have I sought the good life, the true way.
I've searched this kingdom, the RSO,
In the Music Room, the COLLEGIAN Office,
Machmer Hall, the third floor of Bartlett,
Even unto the Engineering Building;
And I found decadence, degeneracy, misery.
But somewhere in the realm, the truth must lie!
The truth, the light, where is it!!!!

(ENTER BARON BUCK, ROD AXEL, AND
A CHORUS OF COLLEGIAN LOVELIES)

Baron Buck: I found the light, the faith, the way!

Tree: Ya?

Baron B:

'Tis money, granted by the RSO to me.

There's some for you (a little).

Make out eleven pink slips, twelve yellow,

Get my signature, and the same for eight blue,
And it's yours, my boy!

Tree: Wait a minute.

Baron B: But it's money!

Tree: Hold on.

Rod Axel: (Strumming his lyre):

Prithee and forsooth, yon Baron

You have failed to see the true intentions of yon
Tree.

He wants the truth, the light, the way.

Baron B: Wha?

Rod Axel: He don't want the cash.

Baron B: Preposterous!

Tree: I don't want it.

(Continued on Page 12)



CHAPARAL

**GAZETTE PRINTERS
NORTHAMPTON
NEVER A DISATISFIED CUSTOMER!**

"What do you get when you cross a grape and an elephant?"

"(grape) (elephant) sin." ③

* * *

Son: "Ma, what's the idea of makin' me sleep up here every night?"

Mother: "Hush, Bobby, you only have to sleep on the mantel-piece two more weeks, and then your picture will be in 'Believe-It-or-Not'."

* * *

"Will you look at the rip in my trousers fly?" shouted the husband. "I think I oughta just go and wear 'em that way so all the other guys can see what I have to put up with."

"Go ahead," s c r e a m e d his wife. "Maybe it'll give all the women a good idea of what I have to put up with."

* * *

"Why is that moose-head hanging upside down?"

"My husband shot it lying flat on its back."



Vol. IV #3 — YAHOO featured this cute little bundle as queen.

What has two breasts, fourteen testicles, and whistles as it runs through the woods?

Snow White and the seven dwarfs.

* * *

A legal secretary is any girl over eighteen.

Student: "It's outrageous. I saw two rats fighting in my room last night."

Housemother: "So, what did you expect for thirty dollars a month? Bullfights?"

* * *

"For goodness sake, use both hands!"

"Can't. Gotta drive with one."

* * *

Why did the chicken cross the road?

To get his I.D. card pinched.

* * *

Did you hear about the woman who gave birth to a 20-lb. pea?

She was raped by the jolly green giant.

* * *

During the physical exam, the doctor noticed the patient's hands shaking demonstrably. "You drink a lot, don't you?" he asked.

"Nope," replied the man. "Spill most of it."

* * *

Did you hear about the fighter who was so far behind in points that he had to knock his opponent out to get a draw?

* * *

"Have your eyes ever been checked?"

"No, they've always been a solid blue."





Yahoo Queen

MISS CAROL ANN RUSSELL

Hight: 5'6"

Eyes: Brown

Major: Theatre

Class: By Her Self!

We Let The Pictures Speak For Us.

Miss Russell Has Made Our

Birthday Memorable.



YAHOO'S dirty old man . . .
and friend.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY DON CRASCO



Yahoo Queen
Anniversary Issue
WINTER, 1964

Bawdy Ballads by Bob

(to the tune of "Once I Had a Secret Love")

Once I had a secret love;
She wore a nylon negligee;
And when our night in love was done,
She said I would not have to pay.

When I asked her why her love was free,
She said "Sealy mattress sponsors me."

Last night I was on channel four,
And my secret love's no secret, anymore.

(to the tune of "Fascinating Lady")

I wish I were a fascinating lady
with a past that's fast
and a future that's shady.
I'd sleep all day and I'd
work all night and live in a house
with a little red light.
And once a month I'd take a short vacation,
and leave the boys in utter desperation.
Then, every year, I'd go hog wild,
and have myself an illegitimate child.

(Quiet Moments at Home)

Chastity, how I do detest you
For all my efforts I can't best you . . .

Last night I had one at my place,
And sat and stared her in the face,
And watched her as she poured her drink,
Oh so demurely down the sink.

—R. A. Olins



ALL YOU CAN EAT AT JACK AUGUST'S



Vol. VII #2 — YAHOO and its queens have matured.

I smiled and said, "You don't partake?"
She smiled and said, "That's no mistake!"

So I asked her, nicely, "What do you do?"
And she said, "Nothing, how 'bout you?"

So I said, "It looks like I'm not going to be doing
much either."

DRAKE'S VILLAGE INN

you can't beat it

- at -

The Open Hearth

Special Steak Dinner - \$1.49

Recommended by Yushnik!



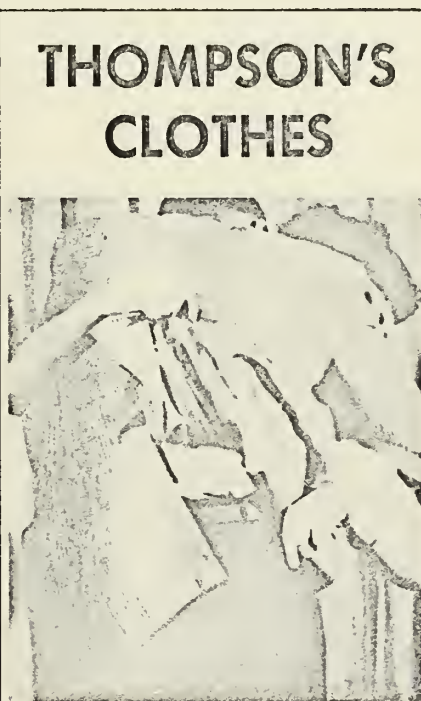
"The Dean's upstairs. What'll I tell him?"



**AMHERST PAINT
AND WALLPAPER**
... FOR THOSE WHO
STRIVE FOR PROFECTION



**Friendly Service
At
AUGIE'S SMOKE
SHOP**



**THOMPSON'S
CLOTHES**

**WE WATCH
YOUR POCKETBOOK**



"The Dean's upstairs. What'll I tell him?"



**AMHERST PAINT
AND WALLPAPER**
... FOR THOSE WHO
STRIVE FOR PROFECTION



**Friendly Service
At
AUGIE'S SMOKE
SHOP**

**THOMPSON'S
CLOTHES**



**WE WATCH
YOUR POCKETBOOK**

(ENTER PETER, PAUL, AND FOLKLORE SOCIETIES)

P, P, and F S's: Push, push, push, push, push, push, push.

(EXIT P, P, AND F S's)

(ENTER THE IGNOBLE ORDER OF INDEPENDENTS)

Independents:

Repent, O Tree. Cast aside this forbidden lust. Take up your turtle-neck, your pot, your APO pin.

Have the courage to be different, like the rest of us.

Tree: I tried, I tried. Yours is not the way.

Independents: Ours is the only way. There are no others save us.

(ENTER THE ROYAL ORDER OF FRATERNI-

ers...

Count Greek: O Fraternity Men, may I join the Student Senate to be of service?

The Fraternity Men: No, brother, for that is the place for personal grasping and selfishness, and you would not be of service to the realm. But choose another, worthy endeavor, and we will aid you in the pursuit of responsibility to society.

Tree: At last! This is the way, the fraternity way. I have been blinded by the jackals of that, the Ignoble Order of Mediocrity — Independents. Leaders of the chapters, true brothers of the Greek ideals, Yours is the light, the life, the way. In you is truth. And to your cause I do pledge my soul and my honor. I will be a Greek!

(Continued on Page 13)



Yale Record





Tragedy - continued

Baron B: Really?

Tree: Really.

Baron B: So what, back to the RSO General Fund.
Ingrates!

Tree: Bolt, fella.

Rod Axel: I have the way, fair Tree.

Tree: You have the way?

Rod Axel: Most assuredly so: One must wear a turtle-neck, recognize Red China, grow a beard, snivel at anti-intellectualism, write for the campus newspaper, and in general BE DIFFERENT (like the rest of us).

Tree: I've tried. I wore, recognized, grew, snivelled, and wrote. I've failed. I'm not like the rest of the differents.

Rod Axel: What do you want, fair plant?

Tree: I want the love, the affection, the manly vigor, the good spirit — I want the true fraternalism of . . .

Chorus of COLLEGIAN lovelies: DIRTY WORD, DIRTY WORD, DIRTY WORD!!!!

Rod Axel: Blasphemer!

(HE EXITS)

(ENTER PETER, PAUL, AND FOLKLORE SOCIETIES)

P, P, and F S's: Push, push, push, push, push, push, push.

(EXIT P, P, AND F S's)

(ENTER THE IGNOBLE ORDER OF INDEPENDENTS)

Independents:

Repent, O Tree. Cast aside this forbidden lust. Take up your turtle-neck, your pot, your APO pin.

Have the courage to be different, like the rest of us.

Tree: I tried, I tried. Yours is not the way.

Independents: Ours is the only way. There are no others save us.

(ENTER THE ROYAL ORDER OF FRATERNITY

TY MEN, ATTENDED BY COUNT GREEK. AS THE ORDER ARRIVES, AMIDST A CHORUS OF HAUTOBOYS, AND A SHOWER OF FRANKINCENSE AND MYRRH, THE HERALDIC HOST IS HEARD TO WHISPER: "PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TO FRATERNITY MEN." CHILDREN DANCE AT THE END OF THE ORDER, STREWING PEONIES AND LILACS AMONG THE RANKS. A BRIGHT STAR APPEARS IN THE SKY, THREE RAINBOWS ARE FORMED, AND THE LAME WALK.)

Independents: Fr*t rat, Fr*t rat, Fr*t rat, Fr*t rat!!

Fraternity Men (turning the other cheek): Now may the great fraternity man in the sky bless you and keep you, and may he lift up the light of his crest and paddle upon you, and give a pledge pin

Aside: to APO

Independents: You are hateful, discriminatory, narrow-minded, anti-intellectual, wicked, evil, grasping, and awful.

Fraternity Men (spreading joy, love, and good fellowship): Spread, spread, spread.

The Chorus: You are wicked, drunken, panderers . . .

Count Greek: O Fraternity Men, may I join the Student Senate to be of service?

The Fraternity Men: No, brother, for that is the place for personal grasping and selfishness, and you would not be of service to the realm. But choose another, worthy endeavor, and we will aid you in the pursuit of responsibility to society.

Tree: At last! This is the way, the fraternity way; I have been blinded by the jackals of that, that Ignoble Order of Mediocrity — Independents. Leaders of the chapters, true brothers of the Greek ideals, Yours is the light, the life, the way. In you is truth. And to your cause I do pledge my soul and my honor. I will be a Greek,

(Continued on Page 13)



Yale Record



move over the blue line, experience brotherhood, join the true democracy.

Fraternity Men: Gawky Tree, 'tis pity thee were old before thee were wise. You are stagnated, embroiled in the muck and muddiness of indolence. I have bent to the wishes of those ignoble ones, you have compromised your individual rights to a turtle-neck sweater.

Tree: Wha?

Fraternity Men: You're a turkey, and you're CUT, CHOPPED, BLACKBALLED.

Tree: Wha?

Fraternity Men: Keep your beard, and go impeach Earl Warren or something.

Ignoble Order of Independents: Aha!

Tree, you're one of us!

Come our way, we'll plot and plan and hate!

We'll unite in our common bond.

The Royal Order: Let us make haste, brothers, for we must find those pure and chaste of the High-School shore.

(THEY EXIT, ARM IN ARM, IN GOOD FELLOWSHIP. AS THEY LEAVE [GIVING ALL THEIR BELONGINGS TO BEGGARS IN THE STREETS, THE HERALDIC HOST SINGS ON HIGH. MEN WEEP FOR JOY, WOMEN SWOON, AND THE REALM RISES TO GREATER HEIGHTS THROUGH THEIR GOODNESS.)

Freely adapted from the Volstead Act.

— end —



"Smile, damn it, we need the votes."

Then there was the cow that swallowed a bottle of ink and mooded indigo.

* * *

Do you know what two men who love each other are called?

Christians.

* * *

"Are you free tonight?"

"No, but I'm inexpensive."

* * *

A morality play is one in which the characters are goblins, ghosts, virgins, and other supernatural characters.

* * *

Don't you ever read anything but the jokes?

* * *

Guest: "That certainly was delicious fudge. What do you use?"

Hostess: "Oh, just chocolate, sugar, and milk. But I always add a little vanilla."

Guest: "How much?"

Hostess: "Mmmmm, about a mouthful."

Hey
Little Girl . . .
you want ice cream



SHUMWAY'S

"NO THANKS, I'LL
WEAR IT HERE."



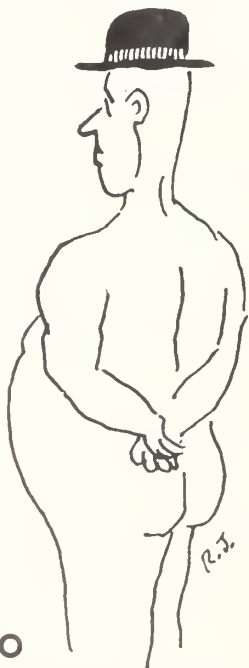
Collegetown
Service Center

Where To?



Mathew's
Shoe Store
Or Else

JUST LOOKING?



GO TO
CLIFF ALLEN'S

Mass Hysteria - continued

Well, here we are again, sitting down to write another humorous *Mass Hysteria*. Pity nothing funny has been happening lately, isn't it?

(Yes, you can loosen the tourniquet now. Let's get down to business.)

Say, we have to set a theme for this issue, don't we? Folks complained last time we didn't got no organization. So say to us **HAPPY BIRTHDAY** — ten years in the business.

It used to be a big joke about the Jews running the press. Vel, it ain't true. Vee got Greeks in **YAHOO**, too — hard as we try to get rid of them.

Another sports observation (COLLEGIAN, Feb. 17, 1964):

"With the meet in the palms of their hands, the Redmen refused to slacken their stroke..."

* * *

"Did you hear about the hen that swallowed the yo-yo? She laid the same egg 31 times."

"No, tell me about it."

* * *

With a flash of inspiration, he asked his date: "Do you know the difference between seduction and conversation?"

"No, honey," she replied.

"Then lie down, gorgeous. I want to talk to you!"

* * *

Our old friend Rainer spends so much money on wine, women, and song that he never has anything left for luxuries.

* * *

"Mommy, must I eat this whole egg?"

"Damn right."

"Beak and all?"

* * *

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

"That was no lady. That was my roommate. He just walks that way."

There's a new drug on the market called Span-Tran. It's a combination of Spanish fly and tranquilizer — so if you don't get it, you don't give a damn.

* * *

According to *Newsweek* (we have to document everything we say), those clever Japanese have developed an operation called *jinko shoji*, which "creates an artificial hymen for prospective brides." It is now advertised nationally under a familiar head: "Does she or doesn't she? Only her gynecologist knows for sure."

* * *

A hipster was standing on a street corner when he was approached by a little old lady.

"Pardon me," she said. "Do the crosstown buses pass this way?"

The hipster promptly replied, "Doo-dah, doo-dah."

* * *

"Are you troubled with improper thoughts?"

"Why, no, I rather enjoy them."

* * *

Two way-out *Collegian* writers visited the Swiss Alps. A skier whizzed down the chute, then out into the sky.

Gazing up at the skier, one cat grooved, "Hey, man, we're in luck. Somebody here sells our brand of cigarettes."

* * *

"If you were a giant and had four balls, where would you go?"

"First base."

* * *

... according to YUSHNIK, "nothing" is a balloon with its skin off.

* * *

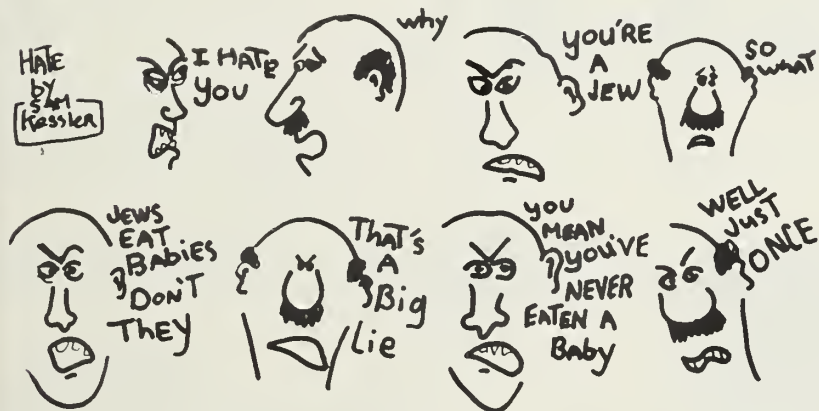
He: "Please!"

She: "No!"

He: "Just this once!"

She: "No! I said."

He: "Ah, pshaw, ma! All the other kids are going barefoot."



We were going to run a **WINN JEWELERS** Ad
but we found this instead!



AND DON'T COME BACK
UNTIL YOU'VE
BOUGHT CLOTHES AT
HOUSE OF WALSH

Glasses?



DON CALL
OPTICIAN



1.



2.



Sundial/Nov-Dec/7



"Apparently some of you don't take this course seriously!"

RANGER



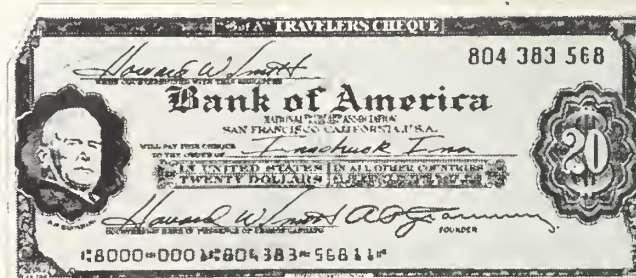
PHOENIX

"Tonight we have with us a man who has dedicated his entire life to the fight against communism!"



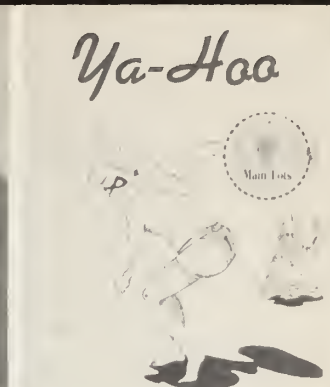
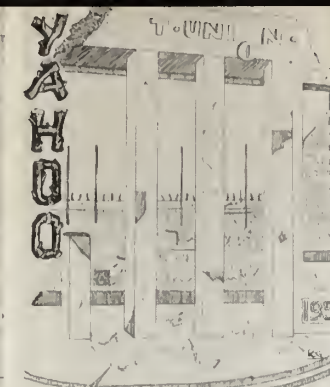
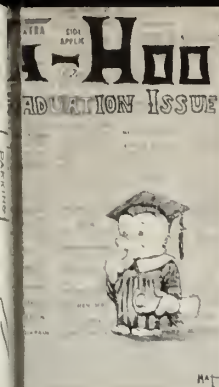
The Schilling is local currency in Austria.

So is this.



Austria, Australia, or Afghanistan: whether you're on —or off—the beaten track, **BANK OF AMERICA TRAVELERS CHEQUES** are as good as cash. Better, in fact. Loss-proof and theft-proof, they're money only you can spend. Only your signature makes them valid. Buy them before you go—spend them as you go—anywhere around the world.

BANK OF AMERICA NATIONAL TRUST AND SAVINGS ASSOCIATION • MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION



"THE BEST OF YAHOO"

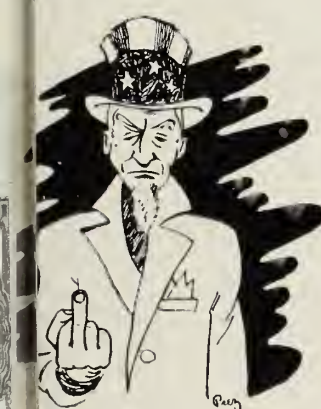


METAWAMPE AS ECONOMIC MAN



Progress

UNCLE SAM



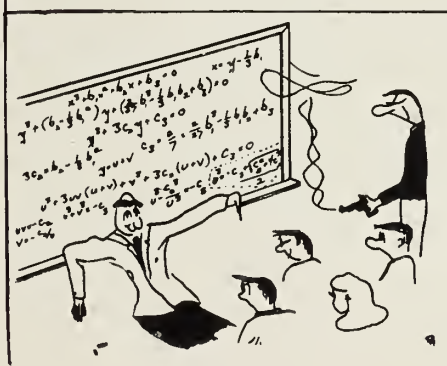
WANTS YOU



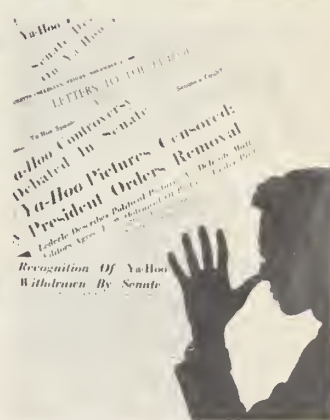
Growth



Stability

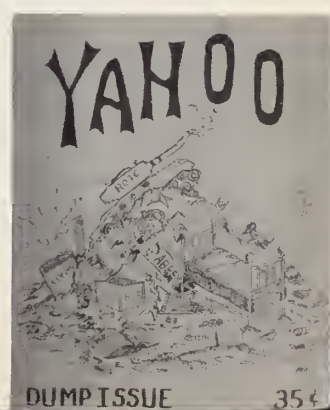


"AW, HE'S MY ROOMMATE.... HE'S A PSYCHO MAJOR!"



(Continued from Page 1)

Lapland; White Russia, 35 rubles; London and vic., 1 pound, 2 bob, 5 pence, a ha' penny, and a partridge in a pear tree. Subscriptions may be obtained (if our subscription manager ever gets around to it) by writing YAHOO, naturally enough, but that phrase isn't part of the address), RSO #106, University of Massachusetts, Amherst, Massachusetts (be sure to write Mass. out every time). Address is subject to change without notice. Material from this magazine may be reproduced, with proper credits (like our name, buddy), by an bona-fide college-affiliated humor magazine — copies of which should be sent to YAHOO (but that doesn't include you money-making independent concerns. You write first, see.). National Advertising is supposedly represented by College Magazines, Incorporated (but all they ever do, really, is send us our covers; not even a good full page ad or anything, so we are giving them a bad plug in this issue). Legal advisor: M. David Scheinman, Attorney at Law, now suing us for using his name without permission. Underpaid advisor: Mr. Robert G. Tucker.





SHOES BY JARMAN

STANDING ON OUR OWN THREE FEET

Research, Manufacturing and Operations form the solid base upon which GT&E has built its strength. Today, GT&E is the largest of the many Independent telephone companies that supply a substantial share of America's ever-growing communications needs. By conducting our own research, manufacturing our own communications products and operating our own telephone system, GT&E contributes to the communications progress of the whole nation.

GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS



730 THIRD AVENUE, NEW YORK 10017

GT&E SUBSIDIARIES: General Telephone Operating Companies in 32 states • General Telephone & Electronics Laboratories • General Telephone & Electronics International • General Telephone Directory Co. • Automatic Electric • Lenkurt Electric • Sylvania Electric Products

